

5-1-1998

What a Holiday

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Recommended Citation

Greenspoon, Rebecca (1998) "What a Holiday," *Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine*: Vol. 5, Article 27.
Available at: http://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag/vol5/iss1/27

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What A Holiday

Rebecca Greenspoon

It's Thanksgiving .
Thank you for food.
Thank you for health.
Thank you for nothing.

Why is it that on the day of thanks,
My grandmother needs to be taken?
Her blood pressure gradually dropped,
Everyone around grew nervous,
Flat line.

She's never coming back now,
So our group's cries share her memories.

I wish I could have done something to help my grandmother,
But I had to watch the cancer diminish her.
Cancer killed Grandma,
And I couldn't kill Cancer.

As I held her hand tight and kissed her cheek,
I knew it would be the last time.
My last time touching,
My last time smelling.
My last time in the presence
Of a woman with magic.
I loved her and love her still.